



A new Song Call'd the  
POOR WANDERER SIGHS  
AND GRIEF ON PARTING HIS  
NATIVE LAND

Oh Erin my country tho thousands did leave thee,  
After suffering privations that no young can tell  
See the pride of my count y in sorrow departing.  
Whose sighs fills thy esils as the bid the arc-wlt,  
Their foes he are smileing while they are bewailing,  
And our Sens they are toiling ore land and ore sea,  
Leaving an Isleland o Plenty with barns and stores empty,  
Oh Erin poor Erin a cussblamaoree,

Po' why is my country in sorrow & danger  
You revilers of Ireland can best understand,  
It's b cause all our stronghold's are held by the stranger,  
Our Castles our cattle our Farms & lands.

Our country is declining from her former proud station,  
That once was a home for the brave & the free  
while the pride of her Peoplie now seek emigration  
Far far from their country a cussblamacree.

Old England my boast of her armey & navy  
And her conquests al road tht she near won alone,  
If a war should break out & shewanting a boy  
She might need these brave boys that has gone far from home,  
Irish men in battle there none could act braver  
They'd fight just like tigers by sea or by land,  
And in Englands quarrels they woh the green lauf-l,  
Fangabolagh for Ir. land acushlammaree